

Two Wolves

A NATIVE AMERICAN TEACHING STORY

The young man was disturbed. His dreams were troubling and he felt unsettled most of the time. He went to an elder for advice.

“Grandfather,” he said, “I believe I am being given direction, or a message, but I cannot understand my dream.”

“Tell me of your dream,” the old one said.

“I see myself, but then I see inside myself to see two wolves. One is peaceful but powerful. The other is dark and raging. They fight and I know they will not stop fighting until one of them is killed.” The young man paused.



“What is there about that dream which troubles you? There are two natures to all of us and we know the fight will continue until one wolf is slain and the other is victorious. It is the nature of our kind.”

“But, grandfather, I need to know,” the young man asks. “Which one will win?”

The grandfather smiled and told him:

“The one you feed will win.”

